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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Memoirs of Madame de Genlis. Vols. 3d and 4th.

WE have already paid our devoirs to vols. I. and II. of this work, which, according to a custom we dislike extremely, is appearing in pairs of volumes.

The present two contain memoirs of M. de Genlis' life, during some years before the Revolution, down to 1795, including an account of her journeys in Italy, England, Switzerland, and Germany. Brevity is the only fault we find in her accounts of the interesting scenes she visited, or the important personages with whom she became acquainted. In our notice of the former part of this work we have already mentioned the highly interesting details she has given of the occupations of her early years, amidst the seclusion of a distant province, and her first impressions on becoming an inmate of the splendid court of the Bourbons. Whether it arose from her keen susceptibility to praise and ridicule, or to the frankness of her disposition giving rise to offence, it would appear that her prominent situation at the court of the duke of Orleans, was far from being one of unmingled happiness; and that like others in a similar sphere, she was exposed to the malignant efforts of envy and intrigue. The brilliancy of her wit, and the extent of her accomplishments—at that period altogether unexampled—must also have aided in raising up enemies against her, both in the wounded feelings of her female rivals, and in those of the powerful philosophists of the day, who were desirous of monopolizing all talent, learning, and philosophy. Besides this, she was fond of those '*succès de société*' so sought after by every one who fancied himself possessed of literary or conversational talent; while the reputation she acquired by her various accomplishments, and her avowed hostility to the *philosophers*, produced in the minds of many a strong desire to see the universality of her pretensions somewhat abated. Her views of life and manners did not accord with those of the literary leaders of the day. Into the correctness of the opinions she maintained, it is not now our province to enquire; but it may be safely affirmed, that the calumny with which she was assailed, had its origin in malice and envy.

Like another illustrious female writer of our own time—Madame de Staël—Madame de Genlis is fond of moralizing upon peace, quietness, and domestic retirement, as the proper sphere of woman; yet both of them have afforded the world the most remarkable examples of the desire of display—of the thirst after celebrity. As far as regards these two writers, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with its effects, since we owe to them works of surpassing talent; but when we look to its effects upon society in general, and upon the situation of women in particular, we must feel assured that they have been of a most dangerous tendency. Previous to the Revolution, young women were almost totally secluded from society till the time of their marriage; their education consisted in learning music and dancing, (unless we add to the slender list of accomplishments some knowledge of the laws of

'*etiquette*,') profound acquaintance with which was considered the acmé of civilization. At their marriage, they burst at once into society without guide or controul, surrounded by snares on every side—careless husbands, with whom their union was a mere partnership of wealth or title—daring, insidious seducers, married and unmarried, by whom every lady entering the world was regarded as a rightful prey—and a corrupt state of society, in which public opinion could scarcely be said to exist; where a "good table," a certain portion of conversational talent, (their idolized *esprit*), or power and influence at court, were held to be much more than equivalent to the want of all the social virtues. The respect paid to individuals noted for their talents in conversation, or for their *vers de société*, counterbalanced, in some degree, the influence of wealth and title, and gave to the whole surface of society, an intriguing spirit of rivalry, and a morbid craving after display, that had never been exemplified at any preceding period. Women naturally distinguished themselves in this career of vanity, and, by the reputation they acquired, were incited to overstep the limits set them by nature, and the institutions of society, and to regard the ties of family, the duties of friendship, and the virtues of domestic life, as of infinitely less importance than the applause of a court, or the admiration of a coterie. We need scarcely refer for instances to the well-known conduct of the *Marchéale de Luxembourg*, of *Madame d'Épinay*, *Madame d'Houdetot*, *Madame du Deffant*, and many others; while we must at the same time feel satisfaction on perceiving that they too had their reward for leaving the path of nature and simplicity; that their lives were spent in fruitless anxiety and intrigue; that if they acquired at one period a feverish importance in society, they likewise obtained a neglected and miserable old age. But we must return to *Madame de Genlis*. This eminent writer was not altogether free from the predominant spirit of her age and country, though her good sense kept it considerably restrained. We proceed to give a general view of the contents of the present volumes.

Along with her patroness, the *Duchess of Orleans*, she took a journey to Italy, and like every traveller of taste and feeling, was highly delighted with the wonders of art and the beauties of nature to be found in that classic region. We pass over the particulars of her journey, and hasten to notice the incident that first led her to become an author. Three brothers, officers in the army, had a quarrel with a merchant of Bordeaux, who having used some insulting expressions, was fired at by one of the brothers, and had his arm broken. Though one only was guilty of the offence, all three were imprisoned, and condemned, by the courts of justice, to pay 75,000 francs to the merchant as damages, or to remain in prison for the rest of their lives. Our authoress had been instrumental in assisting them prior to the trial; and at the request of their advocate, the celebrated M. Gerbier, consented to publish, for their benefit, a volume of pieces of poetry and moral dramas which she had composed for private theatres. Never was any literary enter-

prise more successful. The royal family and the nobility vied with each other in aiding this humane and generous undertaking; and the sale of the work was so great, that, after paying all expenses, the prisoners received the sum of 45,000 francs, and having formed an arrangement with the adverse party, were immediately set at liberty. The work thus ushered into the world was the first volume of *The Theatre of Education*. Her beneficent exertions in favour of the unfortunate officers, obtained her great honour and innumerable complimentary letters from the dispensers of literary praise in the French capital. Amongst others, she received one from *Madame d'Épinay*, with whom she had not the slightest acquaintance. She thus speaks of that well-known individual:

"She was then a woman of fifty, very infirm, and remained constantly at home; she earnestly begged me to come and see her. Her letter was prettily written, and I determined to pay her a visit; she received me so well, that I promised to return. M. Grimm resided in her house, and he always made a third person in our conversations. I had already seen him at Venice, and, without esteeming him amiable, I was pleased with his conversation, for he had travelled a great deal, and replied readily to all my enquiries. *Madame d'Épinay* could never have been pretty, and her manners were entirely destitute of elegance; there was a good deal of gossip in her conversation, but she was frank and obliging, and without pedantry: her understanding seemed to me very ordinary, and her reading very limited." [The author here observes in a note, that "we must not judge of the morals of her time by the hideous picture which she exhibits (in her *Memoirs*;) *Madame d'Épinay* only describes a very limited circle, composed of the worst society, for her behaviour in her youth prevented her from being received into good company."] "I met *Madame d'Houdetot*, her sister-in-law, at her house, who was a much cleverer person: I regarded her with some curiosity, because I had read, in the *Confessions* of J. J. Rousseau, that he had been passionately enamoured of her; yet she squinted extremely, and her features were not handsome. She made me many advances, and gave me many invitations to visit her: she called on me, and I returned her visit at the hour when I knew I should find all her assemblage of *beaux esprits* collected in her drawing-room. I there saw, for the first time, M. de Saint Lambert; and I remained an hour and a half perfectly silent and solely occupied in listening. The conversation wanted ease, for every one was occupied only with a desire to shine. It was the second *bureau d'esprit* which I had seen, and I did not find it any more amusing than that of *Madame Geoffrin*: at *Belle Chasse* I saw a third, which pleased me more. *Madame du Deffant* was a relative of *Messieurs de Genlis*; but as she had practised in her youth and in her riper years, a conduct extremely philosophical, *Madame de Puisieux* had forbidden me to visit her; this was, on her part, but rancour, arising from forgotten scandal, which the eighty-four years of the former ought to have removed. *Madame du Deffant* wrote me the prettiest possible notes, to request me to visit

her; and at last I obtained Madame du Pui-sieux's permission."

This *Madame du Defiant*, the correspondent of Horace Walpole, is thus described:—

"I had not the slightest desire to be acquainted with Madame du Defiant: I thought I should find her stiff, affected, and pedantic; and I dreaded the thought of finding myself in a circle of philosophers. I imagined that, being in such force, they would speak and dissert in the emphatic tone which they assume in their writings; and I felt that I should make a strange figure in that assembly over which a sibyl presided, who was an enthusiast about all such declamations, and whom it was impossible openly to contradict, doubly protected as she was by old age and misfortune. At last I took the courageous resolution of visiting her, and the same evening went to her house at Saint Joseph. There was a considerable number of persons, among whom I was glad to recognise several of my own acquaintance. Madame du Defiant received me with open arms, and I was agreeably surprised to find in her a great deal of frankness, and an air of great good nature. She was a little woman, pale, thin, and sorrowful, who could never have been handsome, because her head was too big, and her features too large, for her person: yet she did not appear so old as she really was. When she was not animated by conversation, an expression of melancholy and sadness was visible on her face; at the same time, there appeared on her physiognomy, and in all her person, a kind of immobility which was very striking. When she was pleased with any one she was very kind, even affectionate, in her manner of receiving him."

"At Madame du Defiant's no one spoke of philosophy, nor even of literature; the company was composed of persons of different pursuits: the *beaux esprits* were but a small number, and those who go into society are generally agreeable when they do not rule their circle. Madame du Defiant conversed agreeably, and (very differently from the idea I had formed of her) she made no pretensions to great talents: it would have been impossible to have been less decided in tone. As she had thought but little, she was entirely governed by habit; but she had followed a system (without having any system) in her youth, which is said to have been very philosophical. The world was then so little enlightened that Madame du Defiant was for a long time, if not banished from society, at least treated with a coldness which ought to have induced her to exile herself from it. Thirty years after, when light began to dawn upon the world, she thought that she could justify her former conduct by adopting the principles which led to it. Her philosophy saved her the humiliation of blushing for the past; it was agreeable to be able to look back, not only without shame and without regret, but with satisfaction and a sort of exaltation; and instead of confessing that she had behaved with great imprudence and levity, to be able to boast of having been, by lucky anticipation, the disciple of philosophers yet to be; and it was a fine thing to have it in her power to say to all the great and celebrated moralists of the day, 'What you now preach, I have practised before you unfolded your plan to the universe!' There was in her character so much weakness, thoughtlessness, and levity, that no lively sentiment could agitate her long: she was incapable of hating as she was of loving. She had quarrelled with D'Alembert, but when talking to me of her disputes with him, she alluded to them without any bitterness or resentment: it was a simple narrative, and not a complaint. Her heart had grown old, philosophy had altogether withered it, but her understanding had not ripened; that was younger than it ought

to have been at the age of twenty-five. She had, all her life, feared to reflect: this fear, which had grown into terror, gave her a decided aversion to every thing that was solid; she was overwhelmed with vapours, and an invincible melancholy, and she mortally dreaded all serious conversation; she even repulsed with coldness any attempt to introduce it, and in order to please her you could speak only of trifles. All that looked like seriousness she dreaded; and it was an extraordinary thing to see a person of that age, infirm, suffering, and melancholy, exacting from others an eternal gaiety, which she seemed never to partake." Such was the latter end of one of the heroines of French philosophy!

In the year 1787, Madame de Genlis visited Spa, along with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and amongst her remarks concerning the place and its visitors, the following eulogium upon a Spanish lady, for her conjugal affection, merits quotation, as illustrating the manners of the age:—

"We saw besides, at Spa, a young and charming Spanish lady, the Countess of Rechtereau, married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she really loved, as she proved by the attentions she paid him, and by her spotless behaviour: she was at once clever, ingenious, pretty, and a fine woman. At Spa she occasioned many unhappy attachments; among other, the Duke of L . . . , a young and handsome nobleman of the court of France, became desperately in love with her. As it was always very difficult to approach her ear, she remaining constantly near the count, he thought he had found a favourable moment one morning at the breakfast at Vauxhall, as Madame de Rechtereau was not on that occasion seated by her husband. The Duke and several other gentlemen, who had the gallantry to serve the ladies, had not sat down to table, and his Grace placed himself behind Madame de Rechtereau; he entered into conversation with her, but in an under tone, and, leaning over her, he whispered in her ear, in a low voice, a formal declaration of love. Madame de Rechtereau, after listening quietly to what he was saying, made this reply: 'My Lord Duke, I do not understand French very well, so that I have not comprehended a word of what you have been saying; but my friend there' (so she always styled her husband) 'is much better acquainted with it than I; go and tell him all these pretty things, and he will explain them all to me very clearly.' The Duke, instead of following this advice, withdrew precipitately, with a visible air of vexation. The piquant answer of Madame de Rechtereau made every one comprehend what the Duke had revealed to her with an air of so much mystery."

Notwithstanding the boasted elegance of French society previous to the Revolution, there were numerous strange examples of falsehood, perfidy, and even of mean habits, that we could scarcely have given credit to, were they not related by so devout a "laudator temporis acti" as Madame de Genlis. Of meanness, we give the following specimen:

"The remarks on society in *Adèle et Théodore* raised me many enemies, because they were true, piquant, and without exaggeration. All the *purfleurs* were furious against me: this fashion was so prevalent then, that I must explain the practice. The ladies were in the habit of asking all the gentlemen of their acquaintance for their old gold epaulettes, their gold lace sword-knots, or the laces on their coats, &c., which were thus taken from the servants, and which the ladies then untwisted; that is to say, they separated the gold from the silk, to sell the

former afterwards for their own profit. Besides, they received as presents on new-year's-day, bobbins of tinsel, or little articles covered with gold, which they untwisted and sold. In general, an able untwister might gain at this singular trade one hundred louis a-year!" "I have seen Madame de Boufflers receive from the Duke of Lauzun a false harp made of gold fringe, which cost nearly a thousand francs. All this was untwisted, to be sold at half-price; it would have been much less expensive to the giver, and less troublesome to the receiver, to have got the money at once." "My remarks upon the fashion of untwisting, in *Adèle et Théodore*, for ever put an end to this disgraceful practice; and there was never afterwards an instance of a woman who ventured to ask a man for gold lace to untwist. *Adèle et Théodore* contributed also to put out of fashion all sentimental affectation, and the rage for making a common note clever."

The opinion of Madame de Genlis respecting Madame Necker, and her celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël, will be read with interest, but not without suspicion of unfairness:

"It was at Belle Chasse that I formed an intimacy with Madame Necker: before the Revolution she anticipated my visits, by writing me the most obliging letters, and by coming to see me: she brought her daughter, who was then sixteen, and not yet married. This young lady was not pretty, but she was very animated, and, though she spoke a great deal too much, she spoke cleverly. I remember reading to Madame Necker and her daughter one of the pieces of my *Theatre for young Ladies*, (*Zélie ou l'Ingenue*), which I had not yet published. I cannot express the enthusiasm and the demonstrations of pleasure exhibited by the young lady during this reading: they astonished without pleasing me: she wept, uttered exclamations at every page, and kissed my hands at each moment; in short, she embarrassed me greatly. I was far from supposing that this young person was one day to become my enemy. Madame Necker had educated her very ill: she suffered her to pass three-fourths of each day in her drawing-room, among the crowd of *beaux esprits* of the time, who were constantly about Madame Necker; and while her mother attended to other persons, and especially to the ladies who came to pay her visits, the *beaux esprits* entered into dissertations with Mademoiselle Necker on the passions and on love. The solitude of her chamber, and a few good books, would have been more to her advantage. She learned to talk fast and much, without any reflection, and she has written in the same manner. She had read little, and all her knowledge was superficial; she has collected in her works, not the results of sound reading, but an infinite number of recollections and incoherent conversations."

A short time before the Revolution, our authoress visited England, and became acquainted with almost every literary or political character of the time. The present king, then Prince of Wales, invited her to an entertainment at Lord Gordon's, and Queen Charlotte invited her to Windsor. Her audience of her late Majesty is thus noticed:

"On my return to London, I received a message from the queen, who dispatched M. Deluc, her reader, to invite me to Windsor, where she passed the summer: this was a great distinction, for she never received strangers there. I dined at Windsor with Madame la Fitte, under government of the princesses, with whom I had been in correspondence; I had an audience of more than two hours with the queen: there was no one present but the princesses her daughters, and her lady of honour, Lady Pembroke, who intro-

duced me, and with whom I had been acquainted previously at the *Isle Adam*. The conversation was very animated; I found the queen equally obliging in her manner, and clever in her conversation. I was particularly pleased with the Princess Royal, afterwards Queen of Wirtemberg. The queen had the goodness to send me a basket full of excellent pine-apples, and hearing that I was fond of botany, she informed me that she had given orders to Mr. Eaton, her gardener at Kew, to allow me to collect any plants I chose to put into my herbal, and any seeds I might wish."

We must defer, for the present, any further extracts from that part of the Memoirs which relate to her visit to England, during which she became acquainted with Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, the late Lord Londonderry, then Mr. Stewart, the celebrated Wilkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Burney, Lord Mansfield, and other eminent individuals, upon whom the remarks she makes give this part of the work a peculiar interest to Englishmen.

The History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the commencement of the Wars of the French Revolution. By George Percival, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. Whittaker. THIS work has been published about two months, and has been, we observe, well spoken of by several reviews. It is seldom that we have the advantage of seeing the opinions of our contemporaries before we give our own; and we are glad, when it does so happen, that we can coincide with their judgments. In the present instance our acquiescence is nearly entire; for we think this English History of Italy fills up a blank long felt in our literature, in a way highly creditable to its author. With few exceptions the style is clear, and we are seldom at a loss for the true meaning of the statements; yet there are parts over which obscurity hangs, and where the want of precision in language and construction is injurious to the sense. In his political bias Mr. Percival leans strongly towards republicanism: whenever a city or province is democratic, he seems to expect prosperity domestic and foreign, and relates the stories of dissensions and defeats (which happen under every form of government) as if they were quite miraculous; while, on the other hand, when the rule is in a single person, he is equally astonished at the occurrence of tranquillity and victory. The relation of the facts handed down to us by various historians is ably put together. Perhaps it is as well that little pains have been taken to investigate these facts philosophically, and determine the most probable solution, where they vary, upon comprehensive views of human nature and analytical reasoning, for it is of such stuff that the romance of history is composed; and, after all, the writer would be no nearer the truth than Mr. Percival, who takes in general the most obvious authorities. And what does it matter to us whether, for example, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, was learned or illiterate (Sismondi v. Gibbon); whether Charles of Anjou was or was not exactly the cruel monster he has been described to be; or whether A. B. C. or D. of the extinct dynasty of Swabia, were so purely white or so gloomily black as they have been severally painted by friends and foes. It is no doubt good to know the truth; but many times it is not worth while to dig it out, even if we were sure of succeeding in the labour. We shall only further remark in this preface, that in many of the notes Mr. Percival forgets the dignity of the historian, and travels out of his way to meddle with subjects unconnected with his work. What, for instance, have the reprints of the Roxburghe club to do with the folio writings of Pope Gre-

gory the First, twelve hundred years ago; or Wordsworth's sonnets at the bottom of a page about Venice, A.D. 476; or calling Venice "now a Scythian province," being Austrian, p. 227; or the badly turned note on Gibbon in vol. 1, p. 69-70; or the epithet of "Great" to the builder Brunelleschi, p. 189, vol. 2: they are all poor and out of place.

Returning to the narrative, for the materials of which Mr. Percival is chiefly indebted to Muratori, and after him to Giannone, Sismondi, Hallam, and Daru, it will hardly be expected that, with our limits, we could follow (even were it expedient, which it is not) the thread of events from Odoacer to Buonaparte. We shall, we think, sufficiently exemplify the leading features of our author by a few brief selections, and by transcribing some of his reminiscences, which may strike the reader as worthy of being detached from the ample volumes of Italian history where they are preserved.

The state of southern Italy during the first half of the ninth century is thus described:

"The double election of Siconolf and Radelchis, at Salerno and Benevento, was the cause of long and bloody civil wars, which terminated in the partition of the principality, and the decay and eventual fall of the Lombard power. In their struggle the rival princes each had recourse to the dangerous assistance of opposite sects of the Saracens, from Spain and Africa. Another musulman army had already conquered Sicily from the Greeks: and, while the Christians were wasting their strength in discord, the infidels ravaged southern Italy, and established themselves in several of its cities. They even besieged Gaeta, but the republics of Naples and Amalfi succoured that city; and the combined fleets of the three states, under the duke of Naples, afterwards contributed to the defeat of the Saracens by pope Leo IV. Some years after, the emperor, Louis II, was drawn into southern Italy by the prayers of the Lombards of the Beneventine duchy, for protection against the Saracens. Unit- ing his arms to those of the eastern empire, he succeeded in expelling the infidels from most of their continental acquisitions; and, on the ruin of the Carolingian family, the fleets of Constantinople, with a transient vigour, pursued the advantage, drove the Saracens from all their conquests in Italy, (though they still preserved Sicily,) and established a new Greek province, of which Bari was the capital. An officer, afterwards termed *catapan*, resided there, and directed the general administration of the possessions which the eastern empire now held in southern Italy.

"The republics of Campania were the only powers, except the Greek empire, who possessed any fleets in the Mediterranean at this period. Their vessels—fitted alike for war and commerce—defended the territory, and yearly augmented the riches of Naples, Gaeta, and Amalfi. The last of these cities, after the recovery of its liberty, rapidly increased in population and wealth, and began to cover the seas with its galleys, and to possess itself of all the commerce of the east. Its citizens acquired a brilliant reputation for courage and wisdom; and, in the extinction of the freedom and existence of their little state, which we shall hereafter take occasion to notice, they have left to our times three legacies that entitle their memory to veneration. It was a citizen of Amalfi, Flavio Gisla, or Gioia, who invented the mariner's compass, or introduced it into the west; it was in Amalfi that the copy of the Pandects was found, which revived throughout Europe the study and the practice of the laws of Justinian: and it was, lastly, the maritime code of Amalfi which served as a commentary on

the rights of nations, and as the foundation of the subsequent jurisprudence of commerce and of the ocean."

It may be noted that Mr. Mills, in his *Theodore Ducas*, questions the accuracy of Sismondi with respect to the alledged finding of the Pandects. Treating of the independence of the Lombard cities in the twelfth century, Mr. Percival goes on:

"Before the close of the great contest about ecclesiastical investitures, the towns of northern Italy had silently perfected the formation of their free constitutions, and Lombardy contained almost as many republics as there were cities within its limits. Debarred from all acquaintance with the progress of these states towards independence during the long wars between the empire and papacy, we must be contented to describe their political condition as it existed in the first part of the twelfth century. At that period the new republics had succeeded in overpowering nearly the whole of the rural nobility in their vicinity; and it is asserted by a contemporary chronicler, that before the middle of the century there was scarcely any feudal noblemen to be found who had not submitted to some city. It was the object of the civic communities at once to break the independence and to conciliate the affection of the nobles; and it was, therefore, an invariable provision in the treaties which admitted them to the rights of citizenship, that they should reside for some months in the year within the walls which contained the strength of the republic. Thus deprived of the authority which they had enjoyed in their castles, the nobility gave a new direction to their ambition, and aspired to the highest offices in the government to which they were attached. The respect which the prejudices of mankind have ever conceded to high birth and fortune, obtained for the nobles the object which they coveted, and in all the Lombard republics the principal dignities of the magistracy were long entrusted to the superior families. It may, however, be presumed that the haughty spirit of the feudal aristocracy could with difficulty endure the assumption of equality in a class of men upon whose condition they had been habituated to look with contempt; while on the other hand the burghers, in the insolence of rising importance, were not likely to use their success with moderation, still less to brook any outrage of the rights of a free democracy. On one occasion, in particular, at Milan, a casual insult, offered in the streets by one of the nobles to a plebeian, was the cause of a furious commotion, in which the fortified residences of the nobles within the walls were demolished in one day by the citizens, and their order a second time expelled from the city. But the inhabitants depended for food upon the surrounding country, which the banished nobles held with their retainers; the nobles on their part had already found themselves too weak to support a contest with the citizens, and both factions were prudent enough to discover that their common interests were identified with the safety of the state. A pacification was effected, and the nobles resumed their abode in the city and their share in its government."

In this fair specimen of the author, will be recognized the peculiarities which we have designated in our introductory observations. The following is told in better taste. About 1265,

"In the midst of these preparations for war, Urban IV. had died in the year before the arrival in Italy of Charles; but Clement IV. who succeeded him pursued his designs, and Charles was solemnly crowned king of the Sicilies in the church of the Lateran. After this ceremony he advanced with his army to the Neapolitan front

tiers, where Manfred, who neglected no duty of the king, the general, and the patriot, had concentrated all his forces to resist the invaders. But he was ill seconded by the feeble people of southern Italy; and in the hour of his need was too generally betrayed by the cowardice and treachery, which, from that age even to our own times, have clung as a foul stain to the Neapolitan character. It was on the plain of Grandella near Benevento, that Manfred resolved by a single battle to avert the consequences of disaffection and to determine the fate of his kingdom. His cavaliers, the nerve of armies, three thousand six hundred in number, were divided into three bodies: the first the remains of the German chivalry of his father and brother, the second composed of the same nation and of Lombard and Tuscan Ghibelins, the third and most numerous, which he commanded in person, of Saracens and Neapolitans. Charles of Anjou ranged his gens-d'armes, about six thousand strong, French, Provençals, and Italian Gueffs, in four lines. The battle was begun by the Saracen archers of Manfred, who, crossing a river which separated the armies, made dreadful havoc by their thick flights of arrows among the numerous and feeble infantry of Charles. But a division of the French cavalry moved forward to support the foot, the papal legate poured benedictions on them as they advanced, and, raising their national war cry of *Montjoie St. Denis!* they impetuously overthrew the Saracen archers. The German cavalry now came on in turn, rushed upon the French with loud shouts of *Swabia! Swabia!* and the encounter between the hostile cavalry was long and obstinately maintained. Only two divisions of the cavalry of Manfred had yet engaged against the whole gens-d'armes of the invaders, and still the advantage was with the smaller force, when the French, contrary to the laws of chivalry, were commanded to strike at the horses of their opponents. Numbers of the Germans were dismounted, a common exhaustion had overpowered the combatants, and Manfred led his fresh reserve to succour his party and to seize the victory by a vigorous charge upon the wearied French. But at this crisis most of the Neapolitan barons basely fled, the tide of battle was reversed, the rout among the Germans became general, and the heroic Manfred, rushing into the thickest of the fight, met the death which he sought.

"With the fall of Manfred his whole kingdom submitted to the victor, and the Neapolitans soon discovered that they had shamefully abandoned their gallant prince but to fall under a merited and frightful yoke. Many of the most distinguished adherents of Manfred were barbarously executed, and his wife and daughters terminated their existence in prison. The country near the field of battle was first delivered over in cold blood to pillage and murder, and the whole kingdom afterwards groined under the extortions and violence of foreigners.

"The battle of Grandella was not only fatal to the fortunes and life of Manfred, but it proved also the signal for the depression of the Ghibelin cause throughout Italy."

These extracts are all we shall adduce, merely to show the character of the work; the following, though they will tend to the same end, are rather chosen on account of their miscellaneous nature. Gregory X. a virtuous and religious pope, about 1275 pronounced an interdict against the Florentine Gueffs, but "in journeying through Tuscany afterwards, Gregory was prevented by the overflowing of the Arno, from using its fords, and obliged to cross the river by the bridge of Florence. 'It not being decent,"

says Pignotti, 'for a pope to pass through a city under interdict,' the simple saint restored his benediction to Florence while he travelled through it, and excommunicated it again as soon as he had passed the gates."

At this period Mr. P. says, "It need scarcely be told that the same spirit of discord which thwarted the peaceful exhortations of Gregory in Tuscany and Liguria, prevailed in other provinces; and the reader may be spared the fatigue of numerous transitions through the more obscure and less important vicissitudes of this stormy period. Yet one tragedy, which in its consequences deluged the principal city of Romagna with blood, will not be perused without interest. The noble families of the Gieremei and Lambertazzi of Bologna, the chiefs of the Gueff and Ghibelin factions of their city, had long been opposed in deadly animosity, when Bonifazio Gieremei and Imilda, the daughter of Orlando de' Lambertazzi, forgot the enmity of their houses in the indulgence of a mutual and ardent passion. In one of their secret interviews in the palace of the Lambertazzi, the lovers were betrayed to the brothers of Imilda; she fled at their approach, but they rushed upon Bonifazio, immediately dispatched him with their poisoned daggers, and dragged his body to a deserted court. The unhappy girl returning to the chamber discovered his cruel fate by the stains of blood, and traced the corpse to the spot where it had been thrown. It was yet warm, and with mingled agony and hope she endeavoured to suck the venom from its wounds. But she only imbibed the poison into her own veins; and the ill-fated pair were found stretched lifeless together. This sad catastrophe inflamed the hatred of the two houses to desperation; their respective factions in the city espoused their quarrel; they flew to arms; and for forty days the streets and palaces of Bologna were the scenes of a general and furious contest which terminated in favor of the Gueffs. The Lambertazzi and all their Ghibelin associates were driven from the city; their houses were razed, and twelve thousand citizens were involved in a common sentence of banishment. But the exiles, retreating to the smaller towns of Romagna, were still formidable by their numbers; and offering a rallying point to almost all the Ghibelins of Italy, were joined by so great a force, that, concentrating under count Guido di Montefeltro, they twice defeated the Gueffs, and filled Bologna with consternation. The reigning faction in that city adopted the usual resource of the times: they chose rather to sacrifice their liberties to a stranger than to submit to the vengeance of their fellow citizens; and exploring the protection of Charles of Anjou, they accepted from his hands the orders of a foreign governor and the protection of a garrison."

When Urban V. excommunicated the Visconti as the perpetual disturbers of Italy,

"The pope's declaration of war was conveyed to Bernabo Visconti by two legates, in the shape of a bull of excommunication. Bernabo received it with apparent composure, and himself honoured the legates by escorting them through Milan, as far as one of the bridges of that city. When they reached this spot, he suddenly stooped, and, turning to them, desired them to take their choice whether they would eat or drink before they quitted him. The legates were mute with surprise at this abrupt address. 'Be assured,' continued the tyrant with tremendous catharsis, 'that we do not separate before you have eaten or drunk in such manner, as that you shall have cause to remember me.' The legates cast their eyes around them; they saw themselves encompassed by the guards of the tyrant and a hostile

multitude, and observed the river beneath them and one of them at length answered that 'he would rather eat, than ask for drink where there was so much water.' 'Good,' returned Bernabo, 'here then are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought me; and I swear unto you that you shall not quit this bridge before you have eaten in my presence the parchment on which they are written, the leaden seals attached to them, and the silken strings by which these hang.' It was in vain that the legates earnestly protested against this outrage, in their double capacity of ambassadors and priests. They were obliged to make the strange trial of their digestion before the tyrant and the assembled concourse. Sismondi, vol. vii. p. 57. He has copied this curious story, which has often been told, and is at least quite in keeping with the character of Bernabo, from a Paduan chronicle in the seventeenth volume of Script. Rer. Ital."

The following is another remarkable historical anecdote:

"When Ladislaus (King of Naples, about 1409,) in astonishment or contempt at the hardihood of the Florentines, who, at the time they determined to oppose him, had only four hundred lances in their pay, asked their ambassador with what troops they meant to combat him: 'With your own,' was the laconic and audacious reply of the envoy."

In fact, "the army of Ladislaus caused them little dread, since they knew that their gold could readily seduce the condottieri, of whose hands the Neapolitan forces were principally composed."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Voyage Historique et Littéraire, &c. Historical and Literary Travels in England and Scotland. By Amedée Pichot, M.D. Ornamented with Portraits, Views, Monuments of Sculpture, &c. and Fac-similes of the Writing of the Principal English Authors of the present Day. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1500. Paris, 1825.

M. DE MONTREAU had traced, with a masterly hand, the political power and the financial system of England, and Baron Dupin had rendered a similar service on British industry—two splendid monuments of the science, skill, and ardent spirit of inquiry of their authors. It was reserved for Dr. Pichot to handle the more delicate subject of our literature; a department which one might conclude, from the manner he treats it, required neither learning nor ability to execute it in a manner to satisfy French readers.

Our literary countrymen will doubtless wish to know who and what is this *arbitrer elegantiarum*, who presumes to sit in judgment upon them all, and with one dash of the pen dispose of their literary fame. To gratify them we looked into the Almanach de 25,000 addresses of the principal inhabitants of Paris, including all the literary persons of note, with a list of their works,—physicians, surgeons, artists, &c. but in vain; he is not known even by name as one of the "principal inhabitants" of Paris, either as a doctor or an author. The Almanach de Commerce contains a similar list of addresses, with special ones of physicians, surgeons, dentists, apothecaries, druggists, &c. but in none of them is the name of Pichot to be found.

This may, perhaps, be accounted for from the author's modesty and diffidence, of which he very frequently reminds us in his book, though almost always in the wrong place. We are, therefore, driven to derive our knowledge of him from what he is pleased to tell us himself.

To quiz York, he tells us he was born at

Arles, in Provence, a town famous for - - garlic sausages; and from a joint respect for their antiquity, other gales of perfume which doth hedge about their divinity, the inhabitants keep those who approach them at a proper distance. He was educated at Montpellier, which, perhaps, we should not have known, had it not furnished him with an opportunity of placing it above Edinburgh for medical learning. One of his friends had taken his doctor's degree in the Scottish metropolis and went to Montpellier to finish his education. There was a time when Montpellier was certainly the first school of medicine in the world, and no doubt it will resume its ancient lustre from having produced Doctor Pichot. It was at the medical school of Montpellier that our author first heard of the name of Lord Byron, whose fame would probably be still unknown in that celebrated city, had not the Mulatto doctor, who had studied at Edinburgh, loved to recite Byron's verses, which he afterwards wrote down, and our author translated them as fast as he wrote them: trait of modesty, No. 1. We also learn from him, that he was one of M. Ladvocat's translators, and that he had a hand in the prospectus of M. L.'s Shakespeare: this affords us a capital clue. M. L. has published all Lord Byron's and Sir Walter Scott's works, *done into French*; he has likewise published a new edition of Letourneur's translation of Shakespeare, the greater portion of which was originally made from a German translation. Our author tells us too, that his having translated several of Sir W. Scott's works procured him an introduction to the "Scotch Bard."

Now, the translations published by Ladvocat betray, in every page, a profound ignorance of the original. The most ridiculous blunders perpetually occur in them; and so very ignorant are the translators, that the title of Scott's Lay of the last Minstrel was translated, *Le dernier Lai du Menestrel*—the last lay of the minstrel. Pichot laughs at one of his countrymen for translating the Winter's Tale—A Tale of Mr. Winter; but did he do much better in the title of Twelfth Night? making it *La Douzième Nuit*, instead of *La Fête des Rois*.

These antecedents certainly do not prepare the mind to expect any thing wonderful in Dr. Pichot's work: yet a very wonderful work it is. What, indeed, can be more wonderful than a description of sights he never saw, of places he never visited, and of books he never read? As to his knowledge of the English language, the reader will not, perhaps, think very highly of it, when he finds Dr. Pichot committing more blunders than one in the genders of the pronouns. Had he visited Wales instead of Scotland, one might have found an excuse for his making *her* masculine. He has only given us one phrase in English of his own composition, and that he has dragged in per force, to show, no doubt, his knowledge of English construction. He says, in a note, that "Cowper is more read as a rigid poet than as a poet. I ask pardon to the most tolerant church of Englandism."

We need scarcely say, that the words in italics are a specimen of our literary Doctor's English, and no other proof need be required of his eminent qualifications to sit in judgment on the British poets. We should here terminate our notice of the extraordinary work of the learned doctor, were it not, perhaps, necessary to inform the French reader, as well as the English, of the real character of the work, which is written with a certain degree of elegance of style, and calculated to impose on those who are not acquainted with the subjects of which it treats. The Literary Gazette being generally read in France, will undeceive the French pub-

lic, as to the real merits of Dr. Pichot, and prove that a critical history of our literature, in French, is a work still to be written. We shall, therefore, wade through these volumes of amusing blunders, of a very "modest, diffident, and timid" author.

If, however, there be much to find fault with in his work, there is, at the same time, something to praise; he reveals to France a great number of literary names totally unknown to French readers: he has evidently read much, though he has studied little. And, had he merely contented himself with giving the opinions of others, (which, in every case, he produces as his own,) without spoiling them with his own conceits, he would have rendered a real service to English literature. After all, he has done as much as could be expected of a young man of five-and-twenty, who passed only six months in Great Britain, and who undertook, with a very slight knowledge of the language, to trace, in those six months, a picture of English society and manners; the respective merits of English authors and artists, in every department of literature and art; the eloquence of the pulpit and the bar; and the state of medical science. As to the latter subject, we might suppose him more at home in it than any other, did he not unfortunately tell us himself, that he has been almost always occupied with every thing, save his own profession.

The work is written in a series of letters to different persons, whether fictitious or real would be of little moment, if the author had not in several cases chosen real names; we therefore cannot but smile when we see a letter addressed to a gentleman on the merits and defects of Lord Byron, with a "postscript," two years afterwards, announcing his death. As to poor M. de la Roche, he uses him still worse. He addresses his 12th letter to M. F. on the exhibition at Somerset House, and after he thinks M. F. has had a sufficient dose, he breaks off in the middle, and addresses the flag end of his article, as letter 13, to M. de la Roche. The 14th he addresses to Mr. Taylor, and in the 15th he completes what he had to say to Mr. Taylor, in another letter to M. de la Roche.

But it is time to begin an analysis of the work. He tells us in his *avant propos* that one of his booksellers wished him to entitle his work "England and Scotland," in imitation of Madame de Staël's Germany, but through modesty he declined it. This modesty would have been creditable to him had he not made a merit of it himself. He is too modest to take precedence of M. de Staël, but he thinks he may do so of M. Cottu, author of the admirable work on the administration of criminal justice in England: vanity of vanities, and vainest of the vain! Cottu's work will be read and admired centuries after the ephemeral existence of Dr. Pichot's travels. Why he calls them *travels* we do not know, for we had read to the middle of the third volume in the fair conviction that he had composed them in the Pays Latin,* and not in Pays Etrangers: nothing, in fact, proves that he had ever crossed the channel, except his conversations with Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh.

He arrives at Calais, and goes to Dessin's Hotel: this gives him an opportunity to pass his judgment on Sterne, who he tells us in so many words, "lived and died without a friend!" Could John Hall Stevenson rise from his grave, he would exclaim *splendide mendax*. In the diligence he had formed an acquaintance with an English family; and here he made his first essays in oral

* The quarter of the School of Medicine at Paris is called Pays Latin; it is the quarter of the Sorbonne, and the principal colleges.

English, knowing the language previously only from books. This worthy family proved to him the superiority of England over France, in that we had neither wolves nor gendarmes. Our readers will, if they can, believe so silly an assertion, and that too from the lips of a young lady whose personal and mental qualities he lauds most loudly; and, in a poetic rapture, fancies Miss Esther "the muse of Albion, who deigned to lead him herself to the natal land of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope." We know not which most to admire, the Doctor's rhapsody, or his libel on his companions.

The Doctor embarks, and tries to excite our sympathy by telling us he was sea-sick. They arrive at Dover; the people at the Alien office are polite. He went up to visit Dover Castle, and Miss Esther, he says, accompanied him. He mounts outside the Dover coach, and "soon the rustic landscape becomes associated with scenes sublime; the horizon extends to our right—it is bounded by the Thames. The Thames resembling a young ocean, and covered in the distance with numerous vessels with unfurled sails!" Bravo, Dr. Pichot! he sees the Thames between Dover and Canterbury: this is a sight indeed, and worth going on a pilgrimage to see.

We recollect going from Calais to London in the steam-boat: a young Frenchman was on board, who could not speak English, but who said he was going to London to write articles for the Morning Chronicle and the Edinburgh Review. We pointed out to him the magnificence of the Thames—"The Thames!" he exclaimed: "why where does the channel run to, if this be the Thames?" He should have been the travelling companion of Dr. Pichot.

As the coach only stopped a short time at Canterbury, the author "will not to-day describe the sublime cathedral: and why not? He describes the Thames which he could not see, and why not the Cathedral?"

They dine at Rochester, and as they approached the capital the sun set in a thick cloud (*in the north*) over London—(Mr. Pond ought to be dismissed, for never having noticed the phenomenon of the sun setting in the north.)—At length he sees London, and describes it in the words of Don Juan, ergo, very correctly; but before he shuts himself up in "the English Babylon," he says he will "retrace his steps, and describe rapidly the counties of Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey." Canterbury lost nothing by waiting, for he now describes the cathedral, its history, Thomas à Becket, Cranmer, Laud, &c. &c.: all are observed and noted by his eye in "a fine frenzy rolling," from London to Canterbury and Canterbury to Maidstone; through which the Dover coach passes, as every body knows.

Our author makes wonderful discoveries at every step: he finds that London penetrates far into Middlesex and Surrey; and that Holland house was once the residence of Addison, who died of grief on seeing himself almost reduced to the part of George Dandin!!! our Barnaby Rattle.

At Steyne he is disgusted with the bad taste of the epitaphs in the church-yard, and this makes him "abandon Middlesex for the moment," and he starts off for Surrey, a proper county enough for such a traveller, as the lunatic asylum is there. From Surrey he is off at a tangent to Sevenoaks in Kent: now comes in the stories of Jack Cade, Waller, Saccharissa, and "the noble Sidney," with his biography. He is sorry he cannot find Sayes Court, at Deptford, but that is no reason why he should not describe it, for it belonged to Evelyn, and he cannot omit giving us the life of Evelyn, which gets him over twelve pages of his volume.

Another important discovery (p. 61): a wasp

cannot exist in London!!! on account of the sulphureous emanations!! Well done, Dr. Pichot!

He finds scarcely any monuments of art to admire: saw Somerset house, which contains the Treasury, the Secretary of State's office, (he does not say which,) the Admiralty, and the War office, none of which are there; and he forgets the Navy office, which does exist there!! And this work is translating into English, says its modest, correct, and learned author!—we wonder for whose use it is to be published in English?*

St. Paul's excites his admiration, but he cannot view the monuments in it.

He highly extols Waterloo Bridge, and compares it to the Palace of the Louvre! He tells us he has read Dr. Barrow's works; had he understood them, he would have found that no comparison can be made between objects that are not homogeneous: he might as well have compared his three lumbering volumes to his own spectacles.

Speaking of the Monument, reminds him of Ireland, which, says he, "England decimates almost periodically."

He tells us that Henry VII.'s chapel cost as much building as a man of war: here the author has a fine theme for moralizing—"of the vessel, not a single plank remains, all are rotten in parts, or were dispersed by tempests, while the chapel is still standing, like an eternal monument;" which proves that we ought to build chapels and not ships: no bad idea in a Frenchman, and we recommend it to the lords of the Admiralty, of Somerset House.

Westminster Abbey is, as may be expected, a fertile theme, but he cannot bear the idea of the place of the Stuarts being usurped by those who were not of their line; and he then very gravely tells us, that "the Stuarts would to this day have preserved their thrones and their sepulchre, if Milton had consecrated his genius to the cause of the restoration." We may burn all the histories of England after this.

The description of the British Museum and the Elgin Marbles is well enough, and had the rest of the work corresponded with this letter, our task would have been more pleasing to ourselves, and our criticism more agreeable to the author; to whom perhaps we shall pay our respects again.

* It has been published we believe.—Ed.

PEPPY'S MEMOIRS, &c.

Eighth Notice.

WE are confident that our readers have held on so far as this with us untired in our report on these delightful Memoirs; and we ought to observe, that though we may seem to have cited a great quantity from a single publication, yet so copious are the materials, and so curious the details of these volumes, we might quadruple what we have done and still leave them very imperfectly illustrated. As we are, however, (for variety's sake rather than for lack of temptation,) drawing to a close with this Review, we shall here beg leave to resume and wind up the notices connected with the Drama and state of dramatic representations in the time of Pepys. He was, luckily for us who now read his diary, a great play-goer; and though we cannot always subscribe to his judgments, we must say that they do appear to be somewhat more palatable than the opinions of his contemporary Evelyn, who, we remember states, in November 1661,

"I saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* played, but now the old plays began to disgust this REFINED age, since his Majesty being so long abroad."!!!!

Five years later, namely, in November 1666, we find Pepys recording:

"To White Hall, and into the new playhouse

there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague. By and by Mr. Pierce comes, bringing my wife and his, and Knipp. By and by the King and Queen, Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ladies of the Court; which, indeed, was a fine sight. But the play, being 'Love in a Tub,'* a silly play, and though done by the Duke's people, yet having neither Betterton nor his wife,† and the whole thing done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in the play. Besides, the House, though very fine, yet bad for the voice, for hearing. The sight of the ladies, indeed, was exceeding noble; and above all, my Lady Castlemaine. The play done by ten o'clock.

"Dec. 7. To the King's playhouse, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of 'The Mayd's Tragedy':‡ a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor; and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publicly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by any body to be at a play."

[There seems to be a mistake here, or else the writer's memory must have been very bad:]

"Dec. 8. To the King's playhouse, and there did see a good part of the 'English Monsieur,'§ which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all, little Nelly.

"26th. To the Duke's house to a play. It was indifferently done, Gosnell not singing, but a new wench that sings naughtily.

"27th. Up; and called up by the King's trumpets, which cost me 10s. By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Scornful Lady' well acted; Doll Common doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the Widow very well, (and will be an excellent actor, I think.)

"28th. From hence to the Duke's house, and there saw 'Macbeth' most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come: so I did not go to White Hall, and got my Lord Bellases to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players (the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw 'Henry the Fifth' well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.||

"1666-7. Jan. 2d. Alone to the King's house, and there saw 'The Custome of the Country,'¶ the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst, having neither plot,

* "A comedy by Sir George Etheldredge."

† "He married an actress of the name of Mary Saunderson."

‡ "By Beaumont and Fletcher."

§ "A comedy by James Howard."

|| At this period there is an entry which we forgot in quoting those which pertained to music: indeed, it is rather an example of the distress of the privy purse, and of the manners of the age.

¶ Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the musiques are ready to starve, they being five years behind-hand for their wages: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almshouse of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d. to buy two or three links."

¶ "A trag-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher."

language, nor any thing in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a song admirably.

"5th. With my wife to the Duke's house, and there saw 'Mustapha,'* a most excellent play.

"March 2d. After dinner with my wife to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queen,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

[What would Knipp have said had she known this?]

"1667. March 7th. To Devonshire House, to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring. To the Duke's playhouse, and saw 'The English Princesse, or Richard the Third';† a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis did dance a jig after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England."

The fantastic Duchess of Newcastle often figures in these Memoirs. At the end of this month Mr. P. mentions that he went "to see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called 'The Humorous Lovers'; the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her.

"April 9th. To the King's house, and there saw 'The Taming of a Shrew,' which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part 'Sawney,' done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me."

[What play is this—something founded on Shakespeare?]

"15th. To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called, 'The Change of Crownes,' a play of Ned Howard's;‡ the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who did abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing every thing for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought 'Hooker's Polity,' the new edition, and 'Dugdale's History of the Inns of Court,' of which there was but a few saved out of the fire. Carried my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday; but there, contrary to expectation, I find 'The Silent Woman.'

"16th. Knipp tells me the King was so an-

* "A tragedy by Roger, Earl of Orrery."

† "A tragedy by J. Caryl."

‡ "A younger son of the Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Sir Robert Howard."

gry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moore* went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this 'Silent Woman,' as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays.

"20th. Met Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and being there released to come to the King's house, he there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply; to which Lacy answered him, that he was more a fool than a poet: upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in the pit this afternoon, did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do any thing but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced: and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent."

Politics and other more grave affairs seem to have occupied our author till August 5th, when he went

"To the Duke of Yorke's house, and there saw 'Love Trickets, or the School of Compliments';† a silly play, only Miss Davis, dancing in a shepherd's clothes, did please us mightily."

"16th. My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the new play acted yesterday, 'The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Mar-all'; a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as every body says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Every body wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it."

"17th. To the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there the King and Duke of York to see the new play, 'Queene Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty Eight.' I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queene Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon stage, and, indeed, is merely a shew, only shews the true garb of the Queene in those days, just as we see Queene Mary and Queene Elizabeth painted: but the play is merely a puppet-play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milk-maids, and to hear her sing a song to Queene Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage."

* Michael Mohun a celebrated actor belonging to the King's Company: he had served as a Major in the Royal Army.

† A comedy, by James Shirley.

"Sept. 14th. My wife and Mercer and I away to the King's playhouse, to see 'The Scornfull Lady'; but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon for shame we could not go in, but, against our wills, went all to see 'Tu quoque' again, where there was pretty store of company. Here we saw Madam Morland, who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company: so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play."

"20th. By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Mad Couple,'* my wife having been at the same play with Jane in the 18d. seat."

"25th. I to the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain which I have in them. The play was a new play: and infinitely full; the King and all the Court almost there. It is 'The Storme,' a play of Fletcher's; which is but so-so, methinks; only there is a most admirable dance at the end, of the ladies; in a military manner, which indeed did please me mightily."

"Oct. 19th. Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, 'The Black Prince,' the first time it is acted; where, though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4s. a-piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came by and by, behind me, my Lord Berkeley and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage."

"Nov. 2. To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'Henry the Fourth'; and, contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about 'What is Honour?'"

"7th. At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see 'The Tempest,' an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day. And so my wife and girl and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves: and forced to sit in the side balcony over against the musique-room at the Duke's house, close by my Lady Dorset and a great many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays."

"December 11th. I met Harris the player, and talked of 'Catiline,' which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enough: and Burt‡ acts

* Probably 'a Mad Couple, well matched,' a comedy, by Richard Brome, printed in 1653.

† William Cartwright, one of Killegrew's Company at the original establishment of Drury Lane. By his will, dated 1686, he left his books, pictures, and furniture, to Dulwich College, where his portrait still remains.

‡ Davies says, Burt ranked in the list of good actors without possessing superior talents.

Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them 500l. for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlet robes.

"26th. With my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Surprizall';** which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils."

"28th. To the King's house, and there saw 'The Mad Couple'; which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart."

The next three are altogether odd memorials—

"30th. This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me. I could not but observe that Sir Philip Cartaret† would fain have given me my going into a play; but yet when he came to the door he had no money to pay for himself, I having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain; and I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money. In the pit I met with Sir Ch. North (formerly Mr. North, who was with my Lord at sea); and he, of his own accord, was so silly as to tell me he is married; and for her quality, being a Lord's daughter; (my Lord Grey) and person and beauty, and years and estate and disposition, he is the happiest man in the world. I am sure he is an ugly fellow; but a good scholar and sober gentleman; and heir to his father, now Lord North, the old Lord being dead."

"1667-8. January 1st. After dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw 'Sir Martin Mar-all'; which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and then the 18d. places, though I strained hard to go in then when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular."

"Feb. 6. My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse; where a new play of Etheridge's, called, 'She would if she could'; and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18d. box, and there saw: but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the

* A comedy, by Sir Richard Howard.

† Sir G. Carteret's eldest son, mentioned before, who had been knighted.

‡ Catharine, daughter to William Lord Grey of Warke, and widow of Sir Edward Moseley.

pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining; but could not find her, and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour, and a half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk one with another. And among the rest here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Ethelridge the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour and had not their parts perfect, and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did through the whole pit blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play and end mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife."

"It was extremely lucky, at last.

"Feb. 22d. To the Duke's playhouse, and there saw 'Alblemanazar,' an old play, this is the second time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's 'Alchemist'; but, saving the ridiculousness of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done. The King here; and indeed all of us pretty merry at the mimique tricks of Trinkilo.

"1668, March 26th. To the Duke of York's house to see the new play, called 'The Man is the Master'; where the house was, it being not one o'clock, very full. By and by the King came; and we sat just under him, so that I durst not turn my back all the play. The most of the mirth was sorry, poor stuff, of eating of sack posset and sllobbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes: the prologue but poor, and the epilogue little in it but the extraordinariness of it, it being sung by Harris and another in the form of a ballet. My wife extraordinary fine to-day in her flower-tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day: and every body in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. Home in a coach round by the wall; where we met so many stops by the watches, that it cost us much time, and some trouble, and more money, to every watch to them to drink; this being increased by the trouble the prentices did lately give the City, so that the militia and watches are very strict at this time; and we had like to have met with a stop for all night at the constable's watch at Mooregate by a pragmatist constable; but we came well home at about two in the morning.

"April 9th. I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the burial of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys.

"May 16th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of 'The Sea Voyage,' where Knipp did her part of sorrow very well.

"18th. To my Lord Bellases, at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's; which indeed is mighty noble, and good pictures, indeed, not one bad one in it. It being almost twelve o'clock, or little more, to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they

did open; and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play so long expected, 'The Mulberry Garden,' of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton off the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the play again; where the King and Queen by and by come, and all the Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was here and there a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it, all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh nor pleased from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think.

"June 22d. To the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play, 'Evening Love,' again, but like it not. Calling this day at Herringman's, he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play.

"July 11th. To the King's playhouse to see an old play of Shiry's, called 'Hide Parke'; the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall.

"31st. To the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's 'Monsieur Ragou,' now new acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry: a farce.

"August 5th. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw 'The Guardian,' formerly the same, I find, that was called 'Cutter of Coleman-street,' a silly play.

"Sept. 15th. To the King's playhouse to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called 'The Ladies à la Mode,' so mean a thing as, when they came to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it (Beeson) and the pit fell laughing.

"19th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Silent Woman,' the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote: and sitting by Shadwell the poet, he was big with admiration of it. Here was my Lord Brouncker and W. Pen and their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden; but, God knows, it will last but a little while, I dare swear. Knipp did her part mighty well.

"28th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The City Match,' not acted these thirty years, but a silly play: the King and Court there; and the house for the women's sake mighty full.

"Oct. 19th. To the Duke of York's playhouse; and there saw, the first time acted, 'The Queene of Arragon,' an old Blackfriars' play, but an admirable one, so good that I am astonished at it, and wonder where it hath lain asleep all this while that I have never heard of it before.

With this we close our dramatic extracts, which being put together, make, in our opinion, a very valuable addition to the history of the stage.

"An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer," a comedy, by Dryden.

"H. Herringman, a printer and publisher in the New Exchange."

"Probably Beeson, who had been Manager of the Cockpit Theatre."

"Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic writer. Ob. 1692."

"A comedy, by Jasper Mayne, &c. D."

"A tragico-comedy, by William Habington. Upon its revival, the prologue and epilogue were written by Bpiles, the author of Hudibras."

A Tale of Paraguay. By R. Southey, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 199. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THAT we notice this publication this week, is rather that we may not seem to disregard a poem from the Poet Laureat, than that we purpose to offer any special criticism upon it. That it has many beauties, and many peculiarities, which may be esteemed weaknesses, will we think be very obvious on examination; and that the theme is of no very high poetical temptation, seems to us to be equally apparent. There is, however, a tone of good feeling which pervades the Tale of Paraguay, which must recommend it to favour; and the better impressions will, we hope, be felt, when the questionable passages, at which we cannot choose but laugh, are forgotten. The story is simply that of an Indian family, which lives in utter solitude till discovered by Dolrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, who removes them to his station, where they die.

As an example of the poem, we content ourselves with a single quotation, which describes Monnema, the mother, who had lived among her fellow Indians, endeavouring to inform her children, Yeruti and Mooma, what was known to her of this world and a future.

"On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell,
From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear.
Better they liked that Monnema should tell
Of things unseen; what power had placed them here,
And whence the living spirit came, and where
It past, when parted from this mortal mold:
Of such mysterious themes with willing ear
They heard, devoutly listening while she told
Stately discourses, and fables feign'd of old.
By the Great Spirit man was made, she said,
His voice it was which peal'd along the sky,
And shook the heavens and fill'd the earth with dread.
Able and inaccessible on high
He had his dwelling-place eternally,
And Father was his name. This all knew well;
But none had seen his face: save if his eye
Regarded what upon the earth befell.
Or if he cared for man, she knew not—who could tell?

But this, she said, was sure, that after death
There was reward and there was punishment;
And that the evil-doers, when the breath
Of their injurious spirit from the world was sent,
Into all noxious forms and shapes were sent,
Of beasts and reptiles, so retaining still
Their old propensities, on evil bent.
They work'd where'er they might their wicked will,
The natural foes of men, whom we pursue and kill.
Of better spirits, some there were who said
That in the grave they had their place of rest.
Lightly they laid the earth upon their dead,
Lest in its narrow tenement the nest
Should suffer underneath such load oppress.
But that death surely set the spirit free,
Sad proof to them poor Monnema addrest,
Drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he
Wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be.

Likelier they taught who said that to the Land
Of Souls the happy spirit took its flight,
A region underneath the sole command
Of the Good Power; by him for the upright
Appointed and replenish'd with delight;
A land where nothing evil ever came,
Sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor affliction,
Nor change, nor death; but there the human frame,
Unchanc'd by age or ill, continued still the same.
Winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold
Grieve, nor thirst parch and hunger pine; but there
The sun by day its even influence hold
With genial warmth, and thro' the unclouded air
The moon upon her nightly journey fare:
The lakes and fish-fall streams and course dry;
Trees ever green perpetual fruitage bear;
And, whoso'er the hunter turns his eye,
Water and earth and heaven to him their stores supply.
And once there was a way to that good land,
For in mid earth a wondrous Tree there grew,
By which the adventurer might with foot and hand
From branch to branch his upward course pursue;
An easy path, if what was said be true,
Albeit the ascent was long: and when the height
Was gain'd, that blissful region was in view,
Wherein the traveller safely might alight,
And roam abroad at will, and take his free delight.
O happy time, when ingress thus was given
To the upper world, and at their pleasure they
Whose hearts were strong might pass from earth to
heaven
By their own act and choice! In evil day
Mishap had fatally cut off that way,

And hence may now the Land of Spirits rain,
Till from its dear-loved tenement of clay,
Violence or age, infirmity and pain
Divorce the soul which there full gladly would remain.

Such grievous loss had by their own misdeed
Upon the unworthy race of men been brought.
An aged woman there who could not speed
In fishing, earnestly one day brought
Her countrymen, that they of what they caught
A portion would upon her wants bestow.
They set her hunger and her age at naught,
And still to her entreaties answered no,
And mock'd her, till they made her heart with rage
O'erflow.

But that old woman by such wanton wrong
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the pride
Of magic power wherein the crone was strong,
Her human form infirm she laid aside.
Better the Capiguar's limbs supplied
A strength according to her fierce intent:
These she assumed, and, burrowing deep and wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she went,
To indict upon mankind a lasting punishment.

Downward she wrought her way, and all around
Labouring, the solid earth she undermined
And loosen'd all the roots; then from the ground
Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
Resumed her proper form, and breathed a wind
Which gather'd like a tempest round its head:
Ere long the lofty Tree its top inclined
Upturn with horrible convulsion dread,
And over half the world its mighty wreck lay spread.

But never scion sprouted from that Tree,
Nor seed sprang up; and thus the easy way,
Which had till then for young and old been free,
Was closed upon the sons of men for aye.
The mighty ruin moulder'd where it lay
Till not a trace was left; and now in sooth
Almost had all remembrance past away.
This from the elders she had heard in youth;
Some said it was a tale, and some a very truth.

With this single specimen we leave the volume, till our next Gazette affords us an opportunity to enter more fully upon its merits and defects.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 28.

The last sittings of the Institute presented few objects of interest. M. Gambard stated that the comet which appeared in May and June last, had been supposed to be the same with the third comet of 1790, and which would therefore perform its revolutions round the sun in 35 years. This, however, was not the case, as he had proved from his calculations; he is, on the contrary, of opinion that the real elements of those two comets will probably remain still long unknown.

It appears that the proverbial expression of swearing white is black is about to lose all its force and energy. A Frenchman has discovered a method of making lamp blacking with whiting.

The Marquis of Dampierre has constructed on his domains a chain-bridge 54 feet long, singularly light and elegant, which, including the masonry, is stated to have cost only 25*l*.

The chain-bridge constructing at Paris, opposite the Hotel of the Invalids, advances rapidly; it will be an elegant ornament, and will gratify all save the subscribers who supply the funds.

THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

For the last half moon the walls of Bagdad were burning hot; a terrible and intense heat afflicted the numerous inhabitants of the holy city. The atmosphere was inflamed, and pestilential vapours exhaled from the earth. The faithful believers thought that the eternal reign of the prophet was at length about to commence. The waters of the Tigris had become unhealthy, and it was feared that they would soon be insufficient to supply the public baths; a drop of rain would have been a blessing from heaven, but in vain the most holy members of the uléma fatigued the prophet with their fervent prayers: the heavens were like a brazen buckler inflamed; the night had lost the freshness of its breezes, and the fruit of the palm-tree fell dried to the earth ere it was ripe.

A calamity still more dreadful was the result of this intense heat: the dogs which are continu-

ally running about the streets of this populous city, were attacked by that disorder for which human art has yet discovered no remedy; a great many Mussulmen had fallen a prey to the bite of those ferocious animals; the greatest consternation reigned in Bagdad; and the lieutenant of police ordered their entire destruction.

Overcome by heat and want, an old blind man fell asleep under the portico of a fine mansion. Scorch'd by the rays of the planet, which he could not see, he had followed to this shade his faithful dog, Mesrour, his old companion. Several times before he slumbered had he patted his faithful Mesrour, who lick'd, according to custom, the dust off his feet; the poor blind man murmured a prayer to the prophet, and sunk to sleep. He dreamt that Mesrour was taken from him, that a cruel police agent had cut the cord by which he held him; he fancied he heard the cries of his faithful friend, and started from his stony couch.

"Mesrour!" he cried, "Mesrour, where art thou?" and a confused noise was the sole reply. He sought the string by which the dog led him through the streets. The poor man anticipated his misfortune, for Mesrour answered not his voice; rolling in the dust and tearing his long white beard, "Thou would'st not leave me," said he; "thou wert the kindest, the best of friends: tell me, I beseech you, where is my dog, and the prophet will reward you; for the Koran says, always respect old age and misfortune every where, if you wish to enter the kingdom of Heaven."

"Vile slave, thy dog is dead, we have killed him," said a police officer.

"Ah! who could have given such an order? I am no slave, but only one of the poorest children of the prophet. It is the justice of the caliph, say you; it is the lieutenant of police of Bagdad. Ah! my poor Mesrour, it is then true that I have lost thee! Thou wilt no longer guide my trembling steps through Bagdad; I shall no longer divide with thee the morsel of bread steeped with my tears; thou wilt no longer console my long years of misery: thou wert my only wealth; thou formed'st all my family; thou only lov'd'st me upon this earth. Farewell, my poor Mesrour! but lead me, I pray, to the cruel magistrate who has caused the death of my dog; that I may tear my clothes and pour out my anathemas upon him."

At these words the slaves and creatures of the lieutenant of Bagdad fell furiously on this unfortunate, who dared thus curse, instead of blessing the orders of their master. The enraged mob gathered tumultuously to drag him before the caliph, when an emir of the guard of that prince crossed the square where this scene took place: he dispersed the officers of police, and, approaching the old man, announced to him that the goodness of the caliph had provided for the remainder of his days; but the poor blind man was lying in the dust, where he had just breathed his last sigh, in pronouncing the name of his faithful Mesrour.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ECONOMIC MODE OF BUILDING.

SOME time ago our attention was attracted to a novel and economical method of building, which we observed to be trying in the vicinity of London, (on the Kilburn road,) and which we heard was attempted, on a greater scale, in other parts of the country. We are lately informed that Mr. John Hall, in prosecuting the plans of himself and friends, for the general improvement of the condition of the labouring classes, has effected this improved and cheap method of building so completely as to have taken out a patent for it;

and that he now offers the exercise of this method for sale, to builders in every county in England: reserving to himself the right of erecting cottages for labourers and schools of industry, such as are particularly exhibited at Lindfield in Sussex.

This method of building is represented to be as durable as brick or stone; less perrivous to the weather, and consequently warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Its specific gravity exceeds that of sand-stone; and it can be carried on in any weather, as well as building with the materials at present in use. The construction proceeds more rapidly in its progress; it requires mere labourers to carry it on; and in cost does not exceed one-fourth that of brick-work.

Such are the specifications of the patentee, and such the advantages which he describes as belonging to his patent. We shall merely add, (not having examined the work minutely,) that it consists of beating clay into wooden compartments, which latter being removed, the wall of compound remains, hard, firm, and substantial.

IN No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, (Professor Jameson's,) we find the following among other novelties:

Professor Hausman, concludes an interesting disquisition on the composition of ancient Etruscan vases, with these results—

"1. That the manufacture of earthen vases appropriated to funeral occasions, had been widely propagated at a remote period of antiquity, with little deviation from a general plan, in so far as regards their principal circumstances.

"2. That these vases have been formed with much particular diversity, in regard to less important circumstances, such as, the quality of the clay employed, and differences in the forms, ornaments and paintings; not only in different countries and at different times, but also in the same countries, and at the same periods.

"3. That the finer sort of these vases are superior, in regard to the preparation of the clay, and the elegance and variety of the forms, as well as the ease of the paintings, to all others of the kind, whether of Roman or of modern manufacture; inasmuch, that the pottery of the most remote ages forms the model of that of the present times.

"4. That the art of manufacturing these vases, as practised in very remote times, is much more worthy of estimation than our best performances in that way, since the ancients were not in possession of many assistances which are applied to the art by us, and because some things which are now done without difficulty, by means of certain instruments or machinery, were, in those times, perfected by means of the hand alone, by the greater dexterity of the artist.

"5. That certain circumstances were peculiar to the very ancient art of making and ornamenting those earthen vessels, which have evidently been lost in later times; of which may be mentioned in particular, the composition of a very thin varnish, which gave a lightening to the colour of the clay in a greater or less degree, and afforded a very thin, firm black coating, retaining its lustre to the most remote ages, and capable of resisting the action of acids and other fluids; so that the modern art of manufacturing pottery-ware may be materially improved, not only with regard to the forms and ornaments, but also the preparation and application of the materials, by a diligent and continued examination of those very ancient vases."

There is a curious account of a countryman, who suffered a long, severe, and debilitating illness, in consequence of having swallowed the larva of one of the dipterous tribes of insects, (Ti.

pulida,) commonly called dragon-flies, which haunt our ditches and stagnant pools. This larva, instead of being destroyed, had become a large hairy caterpillar in his stomach, and caused the disease, which was finally cured by its being ejected in a fit of vomiting. It is extraordinary, that animal life should have been preserved in such a situation; but Dr. Yule, who writes the paper, mentions the larva of a carnivorous beetle, which not only lived, but moved briskly in strong alcohol. The ova of many species are, indeed, almost indestructible.

The *overland Arctic Expedition* is noticed in a letter from Dr. Richardson, the associate of Captain Franklin. It is dated Penetanguishene, on Lake Huron, (the most advanced naval station on the Lakes,) April 22, 1824—a mistake for 1825—and says:

"Our Canadian voyageurs have arrived from Montreal, and we start to-morrow in two large canoes, and thirty-two of party, for Sault St. Marie and Fort William on Lake Superior. From the latter place, we proceed in four north canoes to Lac la Pluie, Lac des Bois, &c. to Lake Winnipeg, Saskatchewan River, Beaver Lake, Frog Portage, English River, &c. to Methye Portage and the Athabasca country. On the Methye Portage, or at the farthest at Chepewyan, we expect to overtake the boats that left England last summer, when a part of our Canadian voyageurs will be discharged.

"Nothing of importance has hitherto occurred on our journey, nor have we made any scientific observations worth mentioning. We are now at the western limit of cultivation in Upper Canada, the advanced settlers being within a few miles of this post. The domestic rat has not travelled this length yet, being unknown a little to the westward of Kingston on Lake Ontario. Salmon, and other fish that require periodical visits to the sea, cannot get past the Falls of Niagara, and consequently are not found higher than Lake Ontario. These falls also prove a check to the progress of the eel, although that fish is known to be capable of travelling a considerable distance by land. There are, however, fine sturgeon in the rivers that fall into Lake Huron; but I have not seen them, and am ignorant of the species.

"We hope to reach our winter quarters about the end of September; and the whole party are at present in good health and spirits. The earliness of the season is very favourable to our prospects."

FINE ARTS.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Outlines to Shakespeare. The Tempest. Twelve Plates. 4to. and 8vo. London, 1825. C. Knight.

THESE outline designs, in the manner of Retsch's famous Faust, are, we learn, the production of a young British artist; and if less estimated on account of being second to the German work, there will be found a very considerable compensation in the nature of the subjects, and in the fancy with which they are treated. Miranda is certainly not so beautiful as Margaret, (and in fact is, in more than one plate, quite disfigured about the nose and mouth,) but Caliban is an excellent conception, and all the sprites are cleverly imagined. Ariel is, perhaps, the least successful: the groupings, generally, are well composed, and that in which the "puppy-headed monster" is swearing allegiance to Trinculo and Stephano, is admirable, both for attitude and expression. Altogether, the artist has done himself great credit, and we have no doubt when he gets upon plays, the characters in which will remind us less forcibly of Faust, than he will still more favourably display his talent, and merit applause as an illustrator of our immortal bard.

The Antiquities of Athens. By Stuart and Revett. A New Edition, with Important Additions. Priestley and Weale.

Or this important publication six parts have appeared: it is to be completed in forty, and thus, at the price of twelve pounds, there will be a perfect edition of a work which can seldom be obtained, and only at the cost of five times this amount. It would be an absurd waste of words and time were we to dwell on the value of Stuart's Athens to every student in architecture, or on the treasures of Grecian art which that celebrated work contains. We need only speak of what is new in the present design, and of the style in which it is executed. With regard to the first of these points, it is stated that the "editor of the three first (first three) volumes will add to the work, either from the researches of subsequent travellers, or from personal observations, many additional notes which will be found useful and interesting to the architect and antiquary." The whole will, therefore, consist of four volumes in folio, and nearly 200 plates: the fourth volume being by contributors, who have acquired farther knowledge of the subject since the time of Mr. Stuart, such as details of the Parthenon, Propylæum, &c.; fragments from Delos, the Phigalian Temple, and other recently explored antiquities.

The parts before us give, as far as they go, the entire text of Stuart, with some additional notes; and the views are re-engraved, as are also the vignettes, plans, elevations, &c. Of the plates, thirty-one in number, those most strictly architectural are the best executed. The views are rather dark and woolly, but we are glad to see that they improve as the publication proceeds, so that we may fairly anticipate a work not only extremely cheap, but eminently useful for the architect, builder, and amateur.

The Civil and Military Costume of the City of London. Printed and Engraved by Th. L. Busby. London. Robert Jennings.

THE second and third numbers of this work have been published since we noticed its debut, and they are quite equal to the first number. Alderman Heygate sits for the representative of that body of magistrates, the 26 peers of the city. The senior alderman, we learn from the letter-press, is always removed to Bridge Ward Without, a sort of honourable sinecure, which relieves him from all ward business; as, though very extensive, this ward is almost nominal, without election by the inhabitants, or members in the Common Council. Among the ancient customs which Mr. Busby quotes from the records of the chamber, are the following:

"Neither mayor nor alderman to hold *bracium*; i. e. brewhouse, or tavern, or bakehouse, nor their servants.

"An alderman lost his liberty because he was absent from the city the greater part of the year.

"An alderman lined not his cloak, which he ought to use in procession; therefore, it was adjudged by the court, that the mayor and aldermen should all breakfast with him.

"An alderman was once elected and sworn recorder.

"One was imprisoned and his right hand cut off, because he made an assault upon an alderman."

After reading this, we dare hardly criticise the portrait of Mr. Heygate. We will venture to say, however, that his cloak is very handsomely lined; and that he looks very sagacious and magisterial in his court-dress and spectacles.

In number three we have the late Sir John Silvester, in the costume of Recorder; and looking quite dark and sombre enough to remind us of his slang name of "Black Jack."

Paradise Lost: illustrated by John Martin.—London. 1825. S. Prowett.

THIS edition of Milton has now reached four numbers, and with eight designs by Mr. Martin. In the latter numbers Satan, sin, and death, form the second book, strikes us as being one of the grandest conceptions of the painter, and the subject peculiarly fitted for the graver. Satan enthroned is also a noble production; but before adverting to the particular plates, we must introduce a few general reflections. It must be a source of great gratification to every admirer of the standard authors of the country, to see them brought out in a form worthy of their excellence; and, undoubtedly, of all the mighty giants whom we number among the ornaments of past ages, none can be considered more entitled to this sort of homage from us, than the great poet of whose unrivalled performance this new edition is now in progress. To illustrate Milton seems indeed a hopeless task. What painter can embody in perfection the vivid creations of the poet's fancy? What pencil can attempt to render palpable that which the utmost excursions of an unrestrained imagination can scarcely compass? Yet it may be admitted, that of all the painters of the present day, Mr. Martin, who has been selected by the projector of this undertaking, seems best calculated for the task; and the manner in which he has acquired himself has justified any favourable opinion which *a priori* we were led to form. The execution of his engravings is such as would do credit to the hand of the most experienced artist, allowing him the advantage of a picture previously painted as his guide; but when we consider that he at once impresses upon his plates the powerful efforts of his vigorous fancy, we are at a loss whether most to admire the excellence of the work, or the intrepidity which suggested this mode of performing it.

In the Fall of the Angels the principal figure seems, from his attitude, rather to be flying than falling; and in Pandemonium we find the same characters as in the celebrated picture "Belshazzar's Feast," in the vast extent of the infernal palace, the magical effect of the perspective, and other points. We cannot, however, commend the plan adopted by Mr. M. in making all the columns and other members of the lower part of the palace so inferior in size to those above them: this is surely reversing the order of earthly architecture. We further remark that the entablature of the building is surmounted by a row of altars, or incense vessels, as in the picture of Belshazzar: are these appropriate? In Babylon they were sufficiently in place, as offerings to the gods of the heathens; but in hell, where we may suppose no god to be worshipped, they surely cannot be applied to this or any other purpose.

Satan calling upon his Legions, is a powerful effect produced by means apparently inadequate to the purpose. On the next, namely, the Creation of the Sun, we forbear to say much, as different opinions are entertained upon the propriety of attempting to delineate so stupendous an act of creative power. Our own opinion is not favourable to the endeavour; but we cannot deny that Mr. Martin has acted wisely in avoiding the errors of some of the old masters, who in their representations of the Deity reduce him to the standard of mere mortality. The shadowy existence here given to the Creator, is undoubtedly in more correct taste than if he had been exhibited, as in Raffaele's design, struggling vigorously to separate the light from the darkness. Indeed, we think Mr. Martin's judgment is strongly displayed in all his illustrations, in avoiding too decided a representation of objects which can never be adequately conceived, much less portrayed. His plates

seem mere hints: there is a well-preserved obscurity about them, beyond the limits of which the fancy may range uncured; but still we find before us some element or embryo of our own imaginings, which leaves us space to give the artist credit for all that we ourselves have created. We cannot conclude without *reproving* the care which has been bestowed upon the typography: the ingenious person who manages this, invariably writes *high* for height, &c. &c. *Sorran* for sovereign might, perhaps, be tolerated on the score of ancient example; but if *one* word is to be altered for so futile a reason, why not restore the whole text to the state in which it was on the publication of the first edition? We would also call attention to the extraordinary style of the punctuation: it is such that we defy any one, unless he reads by some other light than what this edition affords, to deliver a single page of it with even tolerable propriety.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS GUEST.

ALLA bless thee gentle stranger,
Through the desert's path of danger;
Save thee from the lightning's glance,
From the prowling robber's lance,
From the sandy column's heap,
From the fiery simoom's sweep;
Alla bless thee!

Then fare thee well, and with thee bear
The Arab's wish—the Arab's prayer.
When the stars in heav'n are glowing,
When the gales of night are blowing,
When thou liest by the spring
Where their shade the date-trees fling,
And thy patient camel sleeps,
And thy dog his night-watch keeps,
Alla bless thee!

And round thy couch thy visions bear,
The Arab's wish—the Arab's prayer.
When the noon-day sun is o'er thee,
May no false *mirage* before thee,
With its water-seeming waste,
Lure thy sight, but mock thy taste;
Proving, when thou drawest nigh,
Nought but burning sand and eky;
Alla bless thee!

Wend safely thou beneath his care—
The Arab's wish—the Arab's prayer.
When the mosque it's tower is rearing—
O'er thy native fields appearing;
When thy friends around thee press,
When thine eldest born's caress,
And thy faithful Leila's kiss,
Give thy soul her sweetest bliss,
Alla bless thee!

The Arab then thy joys will share;
Fulfill'd his wish—fulfill'd his prayer.

ZARACH.

THE GERMAN TO HIS SWORD,

On the Peace of 1814.

Back to thy sheath, red battle-brand,
Thy task of death is done;
For rescued is our Father-land,
And Peace with Freedom won.
Above the hearth 'twas thine to keep
From Slavery's footsteps free,
In Glory's beams henceforward sleep,
No more arous'd to be.
Of man the name, I durst not claim,
If in the slaughter-field
Th' unholy lust of gold or fame
Thy steel had made me wield:
The cause for which I grasp'd thy hilt,
By man and heav'n was bless'd—
At summons less sublime 'twere guilt
To stir thee from thy rest.

Sleep on for age, thou gory sword,

The pledge of peril past,

When back we drove the foeman's horde

Like waves before the blast.

Yet should again our native sod

By tyrants trampled be,

Our first appeal shall be to God—

Next, battle-brand, to thee!

ZARACH.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

Preparatory Exercises for the Pianoforte, &c.

By D. Bruguier. Chappell and Co.

THE pianoforte exercises most in use at the present day, are Cramer, Kalkbrenner, and Ries; and these by the first-mentioned have, for many years, maintained a kind of supremacy, very deserved, in our opinion, as they combine in a much higher degree the *dulce cum utile*, than any other. The works of these three composers are, however, calculated chiefly for the higher classes of musical students; and their difficulty of execution precludes them from pupils who are not considerably advanced. With the design of benefitting the less forward student, Mr. Bruguier has written these preparatory Exercises, and has thus supplied a great desideratum. They are well calculated to form the hand, and accustom the young player to correct fingering. We will not say much of their being pleasing, for we cannot confess so much, though Mr. B. trusts they are; yet no intelligent master will deny their utility. The number of exercises contained in two books is 58, which almost exhaust every possible variety of passages, both for the right and left hand, on the scales, the shake, or thirds, triplets, octaves, chromatic figures, &c. &c.

The favourite Waltz in the Freischütz, with Variations for the Pianoforte. By Latour. Divertimento on the favourite Airs in the Opera of Der Freischütz. By G. Kallmark. Chappell and Co.

THE airs of the Freischütz continue to be worked as themes, and many, we fear, have by this time become somewhat thread-bare: they cannot, however, fail to please, if they are treated as Mr. Latour has managed the waltz. The variations have, indeed, nothing very original or characteristic, but being in his usual style, simple and elegant, they will gratify players of middling attainments and of a natural good taste. Mr. Kallmark need not have lengthened his divertimento, by so often repeating the same passage in the higher octave; it would have been much more satisfactory without these volunteer encores than it now is.

Rondo Brilliant, for the Pianoforte. By H. Herz. Birchall and Co.

M. Herz, a Parisian composer, probably of German origin, delights in works of excessive difficulty, without the least regard to melody or to any other quality which constitutes true music. Whoever knows his "Brilliant Variations" to *Ma Fanchette* *est charmante*, will accede to this opinion. The rondo before us, therefore, rather agreeably surprised us by being of a somewhat different character. The predominant subject is taken from a very favorite French opera, "La Neige."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fitzwilliam Music.

A work of peculiar interest to the admirers of sacred music will be published, most probably in the course of a few months, by Mr. Vincent Novello, the organist to the Royal Portuguese chapel. The University of Cambridge having granted this gentleman permission to take copies of such part

of the manuscript music contained in the Fitzwilliam Museum, as he might think would be most gratifying to the admirers of ancient harmony, he proposes to bring forward, under the above title, some of the most rare and valuable of the compositions which are preserved in the musical library belonging to that extensive collection of works connected with the fine arts. The selection, we hear, is to be made from Clari, Carrissimi, Durante, Martini, Leo, Palestrina, Jomelli, Pergolesi, and other celebrated and classical composers of the Italian school; which Mr. Novello affirms have never been published, and which are extremely rare even in manuscript.

Anecdote of Michael Haydn, brother of the great Joseph Haydn.

Michael Haydn, of immortal fame for his sacred compositions, received from one of his pupils a mass for inspection. The Credo began "piano," and after every line had been marked with the same word, it finished with "piano, piano, pianissimo." The venerable master wrote underneath: "But, my good friend, why will you not suffer your faith (credo) to be heard?"

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TIMES OF THE COVENANT.

WE promised our readers some farther illustration of the morality, *et cetera*, of our forefathers, in the good time of the Covenant, from one of their own Records; and while they (our readers!) are many of them, disporting themselves at gay and wicked watering-places, such as Brighton, Hastings, Ramsgate, Southgate, Margate, Worthing, Ryde, Cowes, Eastbourne; or at Cheltenham, Llanmington, Tunbridge, Buxton, Harrogate, Matlock, Gillsland; or crossing the channel for still greater iniquities, it may be some consolation to them, being followed by these, our light pages, to find that the world is, upon the average, pretty much the same in the best and in the worst of times.

In the year 1650, which is just a century and three quarters of a century ago, we find the following Parochial and Sessional items in a single decent, holy, Scotch Kirk.—N.B. The first extract is from men, miscalled levellers.

"The Minister is to intimate to the Congregation on Sunday, that what delations (charges) any persons have against such as are under the suspicion of Witchcraft, that they be ready to give in the same to the Session immedy."

"Anent the supplication given into the Session, bearing in effect, 'that they, a number of merchants, as burden-bearers of this burgh, (no ways to be balanced with the vulgar and promiscuous multitude,)' &c. &c. claim the two foremost seats of that loft in the Kirk called the Common Loft, for their better accommodation, (which place has been many years past possessed by *Plébeians*, who rudely and uncivilly have rushed themselves in there, without any order,) for which cause they oblige themselves to make new entries thereto, and erect rails behind, so that those behind be not frustrate of the benefit of the Doctrine."

The Session ordains accordingly: so little were the principles of equality patronized by the plain presbyters of A.D. 1650!!! We next learn of their wisdom:

"The Minister is to intimate, that whosoever person shall brand any man or woman, with the common upcast of Witchcraft, (unless they have pregnant and warranted grounds,) shall have the sharpest Kirk discipline."

We find many entries of persons entering into the Covenant, and many more of moral offences which the Kirk punishes with rebuke, fine, carting, imprisonment, and banishing. The following is more particular and characteristic:

"George Douglas became acted, that if he shall vent any bitter or malignant expressions against the *Cause and Covenant of God*, or the faithful in the land, he will be willing to embrace the sharpest measure of Kirk censure, they can inflict upon him."

[Some "Sogers," who went out on a levy against the royal forces, in July, are to be fined "40 marks instantly." The poor "captivated in England" and their widows and orphans in the Burgh, have a subscription raised for them; and 306l. 12s. 6d. Scots is gathered; whereof 100l. is ordered to be sent to relieve the prisoners in England—100l. Scots being exactly a hundred 20 pennies or 8l. 6s. 8d. of our money.]

It is remarkable; in one of these entries of very strict times, that a person is restrained from fishing only till *after sunset* on Sunday: not to the end of the day.

"October 2, 1651. [Voluntary contributions!] The Minister is desired yet, as oft before, to intimate that the most part of the congregation are sparing (and many give nothing at all) to the great necessities of the poor: And the Magistrates will be enforced to take Course with those who withdraw from this so pious a duty."

6 November. The Minister to intimate on Sunday, that the *deficients* in the necessary duty of Charity to the poor, their names henceforth shall be read out publicly to their great disgrace.

The following throw a strong light upon the age:

"Tuesday, 27th April, 1652. The Session have met very frequently, for purging of this Burgh (if possible it can be) of one great number of Idle persons, who will not betake themselves to service, but live profanely and dissolutely, without God in the world, have summoned them to this day and place.

"Nicholas Johnston, Janet Paterson, Agnes Martin, and Janet Johnston, are ordained to betake themselves to service against Whitsunday; and if not in honest service thereafter, they shall be banished. Bessie Laurie, and Isabel Laurie, to depart the town, within fourteen days. Grizel Thallie, to repose from the town, at Whitsunday, else she will be scourged by the Hangman."

"Margt. Brigs, the same. Janet and Janet Stolls are admonished to hunt the Public Ordinance, better than they have done, in times by past.

"Jean Harhness, and Janet Furmont, ordained to betake themselves to service.

"The Session, notwithstanding all the pains and travail taken by them, for suppressing Sin and Iniquity, finding the same rather to increase, than decrease, in many scandalous Outbreakings, of people of all ranks and conditions; Have nominated and appointed the members of the Session, after following, to *dive and advert narrowly unto the people's behavior*. Hereof the min^r. is to make intimation, on Sunday next, after which time, the said Visitors are to so go thro' their several quarters, for *tryal of Family worship*, and report. For their better information, each two Elders to carry along with them a paper containing the very necessary Queries, to be asked at every family.

"Thursday, 6th May. Margt. Davidson, Spouse to Jas. Lin, is to be rebuked in *Sackcloth*, if she fall into the Three Sins, or any of them, of Cursing, Drunkenness, or Sabothbreaking.

This will do for a sample of the good old times: we have more in store.

DRAMA.

Il Crociato in Egitto, and the Italian Opera year, touch their finale. Next Saturday, we believe, (there having been recently no Tuesday nights,) completes the anomalous season, which began

late and ends late; opened in a small house, which did not fill, and concludes in a large house, which, somehow or other, has filled even in the hottest of hot weather. The extraordinary novelty of Velluti's singing, and the effect of his musical attainments, have, no doubt, contributed to excite the public curiosity: whether the experiment was well judged or otherwise, it is not ours to decide. There is no means by which money can be gained, and from which we see men shrink; and, therefore, we would not condense the spirit of our dislike, to pour it out, concentrated, upon the managers of a concern, as little British, as little natural, and as little moral, decent, or good, in any possible point of view, as can be instanced in the whole wide circle of our fashionable pleasures. We should as soon think of curing cruelty to lions by an act of Parliament enforcing Mr. Martin to second Nero, and Mr. Wombwell, and all his like successors, to endure personal combat with the said so improperly-named animal, or Wallace, and their heirs and assigns; as we would require of the keepers of the foreign menagerie at the King's Theatre, that they should exert themselves to produce only high talent and refined musical entertainment.

During the later performances of the Opera, suffice it to say, that Curioni has tried to preserve his reputation as a singer, by sacrificing his penchant for embarrassing Velluti; that Caradori has extended through the expanse of this great theatre, the feelings of delight with which she has always been heard in narrower limits; and that the young Signora Garcia has fully sustained her early promise. With regard to the chief innovation, we will simply state, that the impression of his efforts were on us altogether of a very melancholy kind. The imbecility of action, the long arms, the stooping neck, the awkwardness, and the fearful solicitude to escape rude censure, made the whole performance far more painful than agreeable to the considerate mind. But there was an atoning charm in the exquisite science, and in some of the tones of the artist. Music will, at least, ought to, owe much to what he has shown it to be susceptible of attaining; and indeed we think it may already be perceived, that an improvement has been made: yet, when we consider that we want a style of composition entirely different from any to which this country is accustomed, before we can employ such voices; when we hear (for example, in the *Crociato*) the male, instead of sustaining the female by a deeper tone, rising above her in the scale, and perverting all our former notions of harmony, we cannot help wishing that our managers would afford our ears less objectionable means of gratification.

ENGLISH OPERA.

On Monday evening, Weber's *Der Freischutz* was performed for the first time this season, and once more introduced Miss Paton and Mr. Brahm to the public, in the parts of *Agnes* and *Rodolph*. They were both enthusiastically greeted, and the opera went off with considerable eclat. The only difference we remarked was, that the characters of *Caspar* and *Roldo* are now incorporated; by which alteration we obtain the advantage of H. Phillips's fine bass voice in the incantation scene; an arrangement which added greatly to its general effect.

After the opera, a new musical entertainment, under the "paw paw" title of *Who's at Home, or Man and Wife before Marriage*, was acted for the first time. From its construction, it appears to have been taken from the French, but it cannot boast either of variety of incident, or brilliancy of dialogue. It has, however, the powerful aid of Miss Kelly's services; and under her protecting care, and principally, we should think,

for her sake, it was listened to with patience on the first night; and has since been, if not very warmly, at least well received.

HAYMARKET.

On Friday, a new comedy, in three acts, called *Quite Correct*, was announced for performance at this theatre, and very favourably accepted. This little drama is pretty nearly a literal transcript of a very interesting and amusing story in the last series of "Sayings and Doings;" and the alterations necessary to adapt it to the stage, have been made with so much tact, that we think it likely, assisted as it is by the zeal and talent of the performers, to become, if not a very piquant, at all events a very instructive and agreeable entertainment. The plot, which is gradually developed and well made out, is to the following purpose:—*Henry Milford*, a young sprig of fashion, has fallen deeply in love with a *Miss Rosemore*, who, with her mother, is a retired inmate of the "Imperial Hotel at Brighton;" and *Lady Amelia Milford* hearing something of her son's attachment, and not being satisfied as to the eligibility of the parties for a family alliance, arrives, accompanied by *Miss Leech*, her "corrobtorator general," at the same hotel, with the avowed intention of breaking off the match. Residing in another part of this receptacle of fashion, is *Sir Harry Dartford*, a dissipated baronet, with a good heart, but a wild and careless disposition; and he having had some previous difference with the young man upon this very point, and being acquainted with his mother, is induced by her to join in the scheme, and render his best assistance towards forwarding her plan. The stratagem they adopt is this: *Sir Harry* first of all sends a message to the ladies, desiring to make their acquaintance, and his overture being received with favour, it is settled that he shall write to the young lady, soliciting a private interview. This letter, which is delivered by *Grojan*, the landlord, who acts as go-between in all these transactions, is also acknowledged, and an assignation is appointed for even in the evening. These extraordinary concessions are now detailed to the young lover, who, convinced from appearances, of the worthlessness of his mistress, renounces her, as he thinks, for ever; when *Sir Harry*, in furtherance of his suit, seizing the lady's arm, discovers a miniature upon her bracelet, which makes him shudder and recoil with horror. It is no less, it seems, than the portrait of his deserted wife, who, at that instant making her appearance, is reconciled to her repentant husband:—the lovers' hands are joined together, and all parties are made completely happy. Such is the serious business of this little piece; and, as far as regards the latter part of it, never have we seen any thing better acted, or affecting more powerfully the sympathy of the spectators. In the scene we allude to *Mrs. Davison* is dignified and impressive, *Miss P. Glover* tender and impassioned, and *Mr. Vining* surpasses the expectations of his warmest friends. By his performance of this little part, this industrious and improving actor has completely established his reputation, and may now, whenever he shall please to do so, exchange the comic for the serious with equal credit to himself and gratification to his audience. The more decidedly comic parts are in the hands of *Mrs. Glover*, *Mrs. Clifford*, and *Mr. Liston*. The former of the ladies' embodiments to the life the cool assurance and fashionable familiarity of a lady of "haut ton;" and the latter dresses and acts a very trifling character in a manner that entitles her to the highest praise. Of *Liston* it is hardly necessary to speak: to form an idea of his manner and appearance, our readers need but fancy a very

formal matter-of-fact sort of man, who takes every thing that is said to him in its literal sense; whose study throughout life has been to be "correct" himself, and to have every body "correct" about him, and who is sure to pop upon all parties at that particular moment when, to all appearances, every thing must be, "incorrect." Excessive laughter accompanied him throughout; which, with his accustomed kindness to poor trembling authors, he was determined to keep up till the last, as he announced it for a second hearing with the quaint enquiry if the audience thought a repetition of it would be, "quite correct."

POLITICS.

LIES from Greece continue to abound. The most probable reports are, that the Egyptian force has taken Tripolizza, and that Odysseus has been killed in endeavouring to escape from Athens.

VARIETIES.

A young and enthusiastic painter of Strassburgh, was killed about ten days ago, by falling from a fourth story of his house, while walking in his sleep: his great and excited imagination having induced somnambulism.

During the present week the first vessel to be navigated by steam sailed for India. It is called the *Enterprise*.

M. Champollion, junior, is mentioned in the *Journal de Paris* to have left Rome on the 17th of June, rich in new documents of early Egyptian literature, &c. The Pope had granted him a gracious audience; and a catalogue of the Egyptian manuscripts in the Vatican was to be published without delay in Rome, under his supervision, and with the aid of M. Mai.

Discoveries.—The enterprising Lieut. Kotzebue arrived at the port of St. Paul, Kamtschatka, early in June, 1824, having visited and corrected the positions of several islands, &c. in the South Pacific. Among others he observed the island of Karishoff, (lat. $15^{\circ} 27'$ S. and long. $145^{\circ} 24' 22''$ W.) which was seen by Ræfwin in 1722. He also discovered some new islands, and named one Predpriestige, after his sloop: it is in lat. $15^{\circ} 54' 18''$ and long. $146^{\circ} 2' 36''$. The account of this voyage, with charts, &c. has been forwarded to Petersburg, and will probably be published.

Nautical coincidence of opinion with Milton.—Milton's opinion on the subject of polygamy, is generally held by the navy when on shore; and an instance occurred during the late war, in which its expediency was enforced by an argument which seems to have escaped Cromwell's Secretary. Jack Tarwig happened to have only four wives during the disbursement of a pretty handsome share of prize-money, and yet they quarrelled one morning at breakfast; upon which our polygamist thus addressed them:—"I say, d— eyes, when there is so few of you, why can't ye agree!"

On the 20th ult. as some labourers belonging to Sir Thomas Hare, Norfolk, were working at low water in the river Ouse, near Stow-bridge, discovered, deeply embedded in the silt or sand, a perfect human skeleton, upon each foot of which were the remains of a shoe. In digging beside this wreck of humanity, they found twenty silver and copper coins of this realm, viz. 1 silver coin of Edward VI.; 6 ditto of Elizabeth; 1 do. of Mary; 3 ditto of James I.; and 9 copper coins of the latter reign, from whence we may reasonably infer, that it was probably the body of some person who had been unfortunately drowned upwards of two centuries ago! The copper coins are in remarkably fine preservation.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

EPITAPH.

On an Ignorant Sot.

Five letters his life and his death will express:—
He scarce knew A. B. C., and he died of X. S!

EPIGRAM.

On the present Hot and Dry Weather.

St. Swithin's charm this year is lost;
No gentle rains are brewing:—
'Tis SIRIUS now who "rules the roast,"
And keeps us mortals "steaming."

Exeter.

POETICUS.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. M'PHUN, we understand, intends giving as a frontispiece to his next volume of the *Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine*, a highly-finished portrait of Professor Anderson, the original founder of Mechanics' Institutions. The engraving is from a very scarce picture in the possession of Alexander M'Grigor, Esq. of Kermock, in which, it is said, the likeness of the venerable doctor is remarkably well preserved.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.
Rickman's Gothic Architecture, a new edition, 8vo. 17. 1s. bds.—Porson and Schaeffer's *Strapades Hecubae*, 8vo. 17. 3s. 6d. sewed.—The History of the French Revolution, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 16s. bds.—Newton's *Studies in Public Speaking*, 12mo. 4s. bound.—Bludge's *Practical Miner's Guide*, royal 8vo. 17. 10s. bds.—Carey's *Latin Versification*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sp.—Carey's *Key to Do.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. sp.—Rolls' *Legends of the North*, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Stonard on the seventy weeks of Daniel, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Boyle's *Treatise on the Holy Scriptures*, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Napier's *Statistical Account of Cephalonia*, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Stirling's *Journal*, by Dr. Nuttall, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Rares's *Select Works*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Jowitt's *Researches in Syria*, 8vo. 10s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 28	from 45° to 78	30.15 to 30.14
Friday 29	48.5 — 75	30.16 — 30.11
Saturday 30	43 — 77	30.10 — 30.05
Sunday 31	43 — 81	30.00 — 29.97
Monday, August 1	43 — 80	29.98 — 30.00
Tuesday 2	46 — 79	29.96 — 30.00
Wednesday 3	44 — 78	29.95 — 30.00

Prevailing winds, N. and N.E. till the 1st of August—since S. and S.W. Generally clear till the 2d of Aug. when, after five weeks drought, a change took place, the earth being refreshed with showers on the 2d and 3d inst.—Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge, with admiration, the following letter from Huddersfield; and, by giving it verbatim insertion, show our sense of the poet's kindness. The world will hardly believe how much we are indebted to voluntary contributors; but when it is seen that a bard, equal alike to the pathetic dirge, the love lyric, and the heroic measure, thus favours us, it may the more readily be imagined what treasures are offered for our acceptance. Criticism would be misplaced on these most sublime and original effusions: we print them for the glory of Huddersfield, and shall always consider the writer as our greatest poetical and best Bower-anchor.

ON THE DEATH OF A REMARKABLY FINE BOY.

My Benjie I bemoan,
I am here all alone,
He has wing'd his flight hence far away;
My poor lovely babe,
His constant cry abe*,
Just ceas'd at the dawn of the day.
His agonies great,
My loss mitigate,
His cries even pierc'd the hard stone;
The rock on the hill—
The wall of the mill,
Sent back his loud cry and deep groan.
The cattle now wail,
And low in the vale,
Their sorrow the valleys prolong;
Their lengthen'd loud cries,
Rebound from the skies,
To convince me how deeply they moan.

* In Hebrew, Father.

The sun would not rise—

To witness his cries,
The stars hid their heads in the night;
The moon heard the wail,
She turn'd doubly pale,
To see nature in the sad plight.
My lovely sweet babe!
He only just stray'd,
As a meteor that flames in the night;
He came from his God,
Like some chafing rod,
Then sicken'd and took his grand flight.

B. BOWER.

Here's another:—does it please?

What's the reason that man cannot live in content?

That he thinks his time lost, or rather misspent?
That he burns in his breast, that he sighs in his heart,

When he sees the lov'd maid that lets fly the love dart?

What's the reason that man cannot eat any bread,
Cannot drink any wine, cannot rest in his bed;
Cannot do any work, cannot talk any talk,
For the sweet lovely maid that he met in his walk?

What's the reason that man is just ready to die;
That he never heaves breath but he heaves up a sigh;

That wherever he goes, or wherever he is,
That the sweet lovely maid is his only sweet bliss?

What's the reason that when his eye meets hers again,

His heart is all flutter, like some little wren,
His face is all scarlet, his body all tremor,
And all he possesses he'd give to redeem her?

The sweet little maid, the lov'd maid of my soul!
My fortune and person are at thy control:

Give consent, and I'll live or refuse, and my life
Shall no longer be, if thou art not my wife.

Ditto.

THE CHAMPION'S CHALLENGE.

Whoever saith that King George Fourth,
Is not the King, I'll fight:
Doth any? speak, my glove is there;
I'll fight him day or night.

If Radical or Frenchman say,
By day, or eke by night,
That George the Fourth is not our King,
Him night or day I'll fight.

If any, speak? or hold his peace,
Then George the Fourth is King;
My glove is there if any dare
Bring his—then let him bring!

No man dare say George is not King;
That George, the son of George,
Our late belov'd and revered King,
Is not the King of lords.

Opponent where? where livest thou,
That says it is not right,
That George the Fourth should be our King?
If any, him I'll fight.

Then George, the son of George is King,
I vow it day and night;
George, Prince of Wales, is George the Fourth,
I say it day and night.

Ditto.

Mr. Editor, you are ill to please, I think, of publishing first fights; pray give me a word of advice. I live a long way from London, how should I proceed?

Some one has been playing tricks with Mr. T. Clere Smith, and pestering us with letters in his name, which he denies having written. Supposing them to come from him, we expressed ourselves annoyed by their folly and impertinence; and Mr. S. has, in consequence, furnished an advertisement in the *Times Newspaper*, against an individual by name, whom he improperly as-

and private education.

